

No. 9, MAY . . . . 1/6

**OZ**



Sir,  
I suppose after twelve months of publication you reckon that you have "burnt off" any readers who believe in Christianity, democracy or any of those other stuffy old ideas. How ever, as a proud-as-a-proud Christian myself, I occasionally buy OZ to see how the other half live, as it were, and I say not beyond meeting a priest at the other terminus of Sharp's little Easter message bus issue, where the Accrington, the most important event in all history, is compared to some sort of levitation stunt.

I thought you chaps had so ravaged the laws of decency, libel and sedition that you might have had enough restraint to avoid the fourth member of the quartet, blasphemy.  
John Ferguson,  
Pudsey, N.S.W.

Sharp replies: Let's hope God has a sense of humour. If he hasn't he's hardly worth worshipping about.

Sir,  
I have read most of the editions of your magazine. Whilst pleased with the fact that attempts at satire are being made, because I believe political and social satire is essential to a society such as ours I have been shocked at the shallowness of some of the material printed.

Do this fall I feel you have reached an all-time low in the article "Once Upon

A Time . . ." (OZ, APRIL). The only out standing fact about this article is that the writer should actually have the nerve to put his name to such trash, which is barely of First Year High School standard. This such severity and sensibleness should be everywhere under the guise of satire is a slur upon the purpose of the magazine and an insult to your readers' intelligence.

G. C. Ebbary,  
Campbell, N.S.W.

Sir,

Upon reading the latest edition of OZ I noticed your advertisement for literature on "How to become a King Member and a King Miner". One never knows when to take you seriously but I have enclosed a 3d stamp and shall expect such literature to be forwarded in the next issue.

Patrick Barry,  
Kilburn, N.S.W.

Sir,

John Jerrard in his letter in the April OZ seems to have analysed you and found your personalities deficient. You are frustrated and consequently need to discharge hostility. You have no control over your emotions and will soon be in trouble again. (I don't wonder.) You are insecure and compulsively show off in order to prove yourselves. You are cunning and sly, but not the right sort, because of your hidden anger and covert hostility.

Well, look I am perfectly willing to admit that all this is true, but I would like to point out to Mr Jerrard that psychological conditions such as he detects have nothing to do with the effectiveness or quality or seriousness of literary endeavours. A good part of our most important literary heritage has been produced by people of genius who were motivated by mental disturbances of various degrees and kind. Great work is not produced, at all times, in sunny areas to assume, because the writer is sick, but emotional imbalance often provides the stress to run the boat. I pity people who try to sail through life without, enjoying the scenery, even when they're stressed.

This point is, analysing you doesn't analyse OZ. A writer is not his work. His work is a reflection of him, but you can do a lot with mirrors. Mr Jerrard seems to have looked into me and he would be well advised to get away from Freud. Freud and his ilk to his Wilhelm Reich for Beginners. We don't stir him sick you are as long as OZ continues to improve. And if he promises to do that, I promise not to ask him how to edit the perfect magazine.

Ross Spittle,  
Bassenden, N.S.W.

Sir,

In 1961 I daringly made a trip to Hong Kong despite the warnings of respectable Australians to the effect that it was a hot city and I would be raped on every street corner. While in the Crown Colony I had an abandoned life — going to numerous movie houses and seeing perfectly innocuous action pictures! One reason I enjoyed moving-on in Hong Kong is because there is no film censorship there and one gets to a cinema earlier. However, I'd well said that, whether the picture be good, bad, or indifferent, it will get through without a cut.

One of the movies I saw there was BUTTERFIELD 8, and early in the piece the marauding leeches, Liz Taylor, explains to a sympathetic Eddie Fisher that as a child of 12 or 13 she had been raped by an old friend of the family. Liz then adds, "that do you



## FLICK-OFF JEANS ARE KING

Next time you're doing the "bush", don't be underwhelmed by guys that won't remove all the instant year on inches a throw. How many times have all the first-class mates all the boys served you up some such, while you've been up on the table STRUGGLING to get the right pose off? This new "flick-off" jeans when you choose to FLICK-OFF!

Our exclusive "Flick-Off" full action, plus special underwear, now down to the knees. Use your seat-belt when you . . . BUT with just one tug at the "Flick-Off" they drop gently down to your ankles.

Laugh at your mate when they writhle clumsily to their knees — you can wipe them out with FLICK-OFFS.

know something? I enjoyed it. I enjoyed every bit of it."

Upon my return to Australia, I want to see BUTTERFIELD 8 again. Knowing the historic story of Australian censorship I should not have been surprised — but was — when a vivid clip occurred in the second track. When South of the Equator, where Miss no Minnie, was allowed to say that she had been raped, but the piece of dialogue in which she expressed her enjoyment of the act was neatly censored.

More. Under Australian censorship laws a D.K. for a girl of 12 to be raped, but she must not enjoy it.

Robert Dard,  
Perth, W.A.

Sir,

Anything which attracts the Sacred Cows of Australia will have my undying support, whether it contains sex, politics, religion, irony or even "liberty" because however of a moderate quality merely for the sake of seeing how far OZ can go without being prosecuted for obscenity and not because of extreme exposures of staged official attitudes, thus I fear your membership will never reach the heights of good circulation.

This I feel applies to the article on page 6 of your March issue. It gives an unbalanced impression of being one more attack on homosexuals. I find this strange in OZ, so much the homophobe and self-suffered under the boomer of Australian Sacred Cows has long as it is. Perhaps I misunderstood it, but that's the impression given by both my wife and myself.

Although I subscribe to the views of Victorian ("I do not agree with what you say but I will defend it") I would also hope that OZ keeps its integrity.

J. Barnard,  
Bassenden, N.S.W.

# All About OZ

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\* Back copies of OZ are available for a shilling each — issues 2 to 8.



## WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS? . . .

Yes, sir, and why not?

and we must always be well dressed at work or at play. And chapters it's so easy. Van Formal Wear. Has a fun or a dinner suit, top hat or tails. With the help of **FORMAL WEAR**, your wardrobe will be versatile your taste exquisite, and your expenses . . . Curses, we shouldn't talk about things like that . . . but honestly . . . it will hardly cost you a bean.

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# fiji or not fiji

Poverty is a relative thing, and it can be said only that many children in Australia and Fiji are being raised without distress by parents in much less comfortable circumstances than those of Nancy's father, who is the owner of a house property at Suva and is a skilled tradesman in a field where there is a steady demand in Fiji.

—*"The Times of Fiji."*

Mr. Prasad formerly was a Public Works Department foreman, but has not worked since his return from visiting members of his family in Australia.

He said he owned two houses at Suva, living in one and renting out the other.

I have been offered several jobs, Mr. Prasad said, "But the money was lower than I was getting with the Public Works Department."

—*Sydney "Daily Telegraph,"*  
April 6, '64.

As I finished pouring their cool drinks the faithful old waiters commenced fanning the Prashads furiously including the newly arrived young ones who had come back to Fiji to assist in the family corporation. And I returned back to that day when it all began.

I had been polishing their shoes at the Prashad home on the outskirts of Suva, the capital of Fiji, with one eye peeled to the occasional bubble coming from the skin. I was beginning to get rather frustrated trying to make out what was going on. Then I spotted Ahmed, their owner, waving one of the dim-lylit men he had hired out of the corner when he had been kept waiting while the old man double checked his car. Ahmed had delivered from the Prashads's other property.

It seemed, according to Ahmed, that their conversations with their associates—the Prashads—discussed that they could afford a little holiday. Like a four month trip across the sea to Sydney, Australia.

Now, with a dry grin and a chuckle Ahmed told me what had transpired when the family got to Sydney. Started to find out that the house went was simple that of Fiji, the omnipresent Prashads, forsaking all plans for a holiday, were both to move out, so they all took jobs. They pooled their savings in the good old family tradition and purchased a house in one of the outer suburbs. Next, too elaborate a place of crime — they didn't want to make the Tasmanian Dept. suspicious — just a small place that they figured would gain a capital appreciation of between ten and fifteen per cent per annum.

One night sitting under his Farnham Kerosene, old man Prashad began to miss something was worrying him something disturbed his sense of security — their usual had expressed the unrepentant changing their name to O'Prashad but repaid a Muslim being a black Indian would not help at all. He wondered if he might buy each member of his family a Star of David? No, he considered that too expensive. Besides, that look was good. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and loudly murmured his overly daughters, who were of the first wedding business in the kitchen, following their shift at G.M.H. He declared that they must promptly return their wives for Asian husbands in that perhaps they would all remain in Australia.

Definitely the daughters wanted out. They wanted and pretty soon they were wearing saucy gowns to their newly selected Australian prospects then they were to their newly acquired Australian spouses. Dad and Mom and Ghina had put all the time and, fighting their deportation order but very slowly facing a Muslim Test investigation, face the crop but not before they formalized a custody plan with family, contacts, well-regarded daughter Rave.

If only the sweet little six-year-old Clancy with the big eyes could be allowed to stay home, then perhaps the old folk back in Fiji getting for him could be permitted to come back and be with him. Pretty steady, isn't it?

Hardly waiting the Commonwealth Health Benefits Act, they showed young Clancy into a hospital and furnished his deposit into his home in London removed.

The boy appeared out of sound and out of mind, and Xmas came and Easter passed and the Sister was too busy with all that overtime she was making to take time off from work to accompany the child back to his parents. She was so busy she even forgot to wish to those doctors. Queen had given her for £200.

But, Opp's boys were getting a bit pick of all this talking and decided it was a bit much. Rave had Clancy away with some neighborhood lynchmen who were in disguise in this sort of thing. Then she called Dad in Fiji.

Poor old Dad, she related afterwards to the Press Conference she had called, was laughing and wagging his words. How could he afford to keep going? Isn't Clancy? Surely everyone could understand his situation. The market had dropped and they hadn't only made that much money on the British TV shares and (didn't he have an start and couldn't work and if he was in Australia he'd be still getting his Social Service?

Following Dad's instructions that if this didn't work, the way to create the Afro-Aussie let some days called on that Ghossein Adjokis what-a-bar name. The one who now all did all and knew all. Now! the moment a fair young Aussie and had the money to the care of the Dark Africa?

The editorial and Over 12's column really brought tears to the throats and tears to the eyes of many noted Sydney parliamentarians. Andrew bristling that she would have vote open. Father Nicks of the Darlo Mabo Mission said these, The Union, the Times Hall, June Daily-Wednesday the Settlers Assoc. all got in the net. The Prime Minister, intervened while filtering his water into a gas bottle in the Ministerial subcommittee declared that it was a trifling piece of extravagance and that Australia was too jolly well green now.

Feeling like true champions of their faith the Prashads refused with relief. That it happened? Old Ahmed blushed — shot off an anonymous letter to The Times of Fiji because Dad Prashad wouldn't pay him for doing his laundry.

Gopy and his best mate they knew his boss of the case all along. Actually it was Colonial Spy who dubbed them in — for getting Child Endowment.

—*BEEROY*

## round the world on a limerick

### AUSTRALIA

*My Dynamite's endless. For Ming  
My Rings is a cynical thing  
We Kewpie of the Tinsle  
May glowers and bristle  
But I've shown Arthur Colwell who's  
King*

### EAST GERMANY

*Dear Colwell when you get up to speak  
Dear Comrades, the project is bleak  
A baby's too small  
To climb over the Wall  
But a toddler defied that wall.*

### RUANDA

*"Warrior cannot be loved"  
The Rubens praised and loved  
My plan is quite pure  
Let's KILL the Warrior  
Before long 'no thousand had died*

### UNITED STATES

*I'm Camer Marcello Clay  
The greatest pilotfighter today  
I love my incense  
To my Southwest-I pants  
And to Allah who gave the O.K."*

—*Clara Nichol*

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RECENT people from the

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1990s and 2000s, the industry has shifted substantially from the

**Dr. A. T. H. J. van der Vliet**

*The City of New York*

Small, red, fleshy

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**PLANTING HINTS:** Guppies are

used the *PhyloSuite* module for the same

HAPPY AT ANOTHER OCCASION

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WE HAVE PLAYS

RECEIVED  
JAN 10 1968

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# THAT WAS ... APRIL

If the Australian film industry is to develop it should be banned—Senator

Have you noticed that trumpet sound is going faster and faster? Exhilarated by its variety of bulging, the horn-bugle is grinding perceptibly to a standard.

The jangled records can be rolled down to be re-arranged into the next big sound, but the wags will have to go back to the factory. The Beale strings, shrouded of these distortion labels, can descend into some to the bargain basement.

And the young girls can remove their strings for the next system — beautiful creatures taking their time. Los Angeles Games says today.

The correct thing about the Sydney court strike was the way in which the Letters to the Editor columns of the daily newspapers were so singularly unaffected. Talk about Eisenhower in the Night!

**HAPPY ENDINGS:** With an absolute minimum of fuss, Mr Justice Gifford delivered his report on Brisbane's National Hotel. He found that there had been no neglect or violation of duty in relation to policing the hotel. All the witnesses, without exception, were credible and their testimony impossible to accept.

He reported that the liquor laws had in fact been broken at the hotel and Mr. Max Roberts, the proprietor, should bear some responsibility for a "certain level" in the breaking of "undesirable" into the hotel. He found that there was "a friendly relationship" between the Roberts family and many members of the police force, including Police Commissioner Binchoff. But, of course, the police knew nothing about what was going on—or, rather, there was no evidence that they did, which is much the same sort of thing.

The really wonderful thing about it all was the timing of the publication of the report. It came out right in the middle of Queensland's Police Week. The very next day, what the "Coast Mail" called "an unexpectedly big crowd" turned out to cheer through Brisbane's streets a procession of 300 police from all States mounted on bikes, old style police cars and other P.R. paraphernalia.

In the face of nostalgia, Brisbane's fearless, independent Press entirely forgot to raise any of the sizzling doubts a few people entertained about the National Hotel Report.

**Rico and Turkey.** Mandy Rice-Davies — "Lily Hamilton" to those who remember — may never have got her Waterloo but this month she did experience her Gallipoli.

After entering Turkey for an ill-fated military engagement, she was routed by the Turkish Modern Union, which complained that her example might send the young girls downhill and up vein.

After the Ministry of the Interior (long gone) issued an order expelling her "for her excessive behavior in Turkey," she went to the British Embassy for consultation.

Turkey is a country of excessive political approval with strong parties on both the left and right. But young Mandy did not allow her allegations wonder. I guess she just had too many friends in the Middle.

An American General report has revealed that kissing may cause the spread of tooth decay. The idea for the Health Service Week, endorsed in Parliament three 40 years ago he would not have considered both deep a heavy penalty for kissing.

A pretty daring sort of statement for a parliamentarian that I don't know why he don't just go ahead and make kissing an offence.

**Poor Anne, drowned and disoriented** because she wasn't going to have her wedding in Holland. She will go down in posterity as the prostitute who forced the dykes for a Rape in Spain.

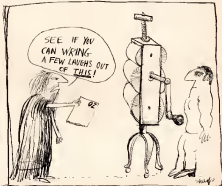
These animal graft operations are becoming increasingly common.

A friend of mine recently had one of her kidneys removed and replaced with a monkey's. Then she had part of her pancreas similarly exchanged. Finally, faced with atherosclerosis of the liver, she had to have the left lobe of a monkey liver grafted. Everything is just fine now. "That is, she looks to be quite healthy, if only they could persuade her to come down off the roof."

**THE** two greatest living clowns both this month celebrated an important birthday. Charlie Chaplin celebrated his 75th in Sweden and Nudis Klumchev celebrated his 7th in Moscow.

Soviet author Svet Kolenko celebrated. The years have proved powerless to tamper with his kind, happy smile, his great love of drinking. He created and made dear to millions of people the character of a little man suffering under the brutal laws of a brutal society" (Melt Hunk, April 17).

—Linda



*I didn't come down  
in his last shower! He  
bain to the WAR, I know  
it's that you on there  
NE need to write about  
IT, in fact there NO need  
to talk about IT...  
WE ALL KNOW IT  
GOES ON there  
NO NEED to talk about  
anything NOT that  
him a pander... BUT  
there NO need to think  
about IT in fact  
I think it would be a  
DAMN GOOD idea if  
women STOPPED asking  
AND talking AND thinking  
and became DECENT  
AUSTRALIANS.*



snaps

£ £ £ £ £ £ £

The month over half of the two million there in United Television (quoted) Pty Ltd, recently granted Bradbury's third TV licence, changed hands to another owner.

For a fortnight it was extreme a point and everyone's job to get on to which of the Big Four is newspapers, radio and television (RTP, for radio, RPTV for radio and television) had been the owner. And now we know.

RPTV ANNETT was outright favourite as perennial of the camp from the start. Once a headliner, he has never quite managed to transcend the lack of masterly command of his former calling. He is the present acknowledged spokesman of the Liberal Government. At the last Federal election he secured advertisements in the *Post* favouring the return of the Minister Government.

His financial role as Chairman of Armed Transport Industries Ltd came to public notice when he took over Australian National Airways business interests in cost budgeting. He is now chairman of the company.

His a vital 3 per cent stake in 10 new Perth and Adelaide television channels. Australian Television Pty Ltd, granted Melbourne's new contract in April is a wholly owned subsidiary of Ansett Transport Ltd.

He has never been one to stand idly by. The Victorian Government was recently forced to announce an inquiry into the methods by which he managed to forecast a Victorian State Rivers and Water Supply Commission plan to put a reservoir at the Mt. Eliza estate, from which he helps capture to work daily.

Since then he has accepted Departmental requests by the majority of the head clearance subdivision in the construction of his new TV tower and channel small points, who recently lost him of thousands of pounds, when he withdrew the freeholder from the Australian Herald became the owner of the property of £1,500 was too small to be worth his consideration.

Senator Pittbridge is reported to be inclined to withdraw Annett's television interests at present as his criticism. Sir Robert is reported to think that Annett has

given too far. The rapper in the Liberal widebody is the new Attorney-General, Billie Snodden, avowed opponent of restrictive practices, who reported himself opposed to Annett at the Mt. Eliza Case.

He is anxious to all present and potential Labour Governments, particularly that of N.S.W., which prevented his midwinter Eastern Airlines deal of business. He is the golden boy of all true Liberals, particularly Henry Bule (who took the witness stand last time during the Mt. Eliza case). Mr. Anderson the Director of Civil Aviation (who gave evidence for him before the Broadcasting Commission) and last, but not least, Senator Pittbridge, the Minister for Civil Aviation and his unswerving ally, who has undertaken to exempt things so that Annett is able to pay to shareholders 10 per cent on capital after tax and "reasonable reserves".

MR FRANK PACKER is no stranger to company like even. He bought his GTV Melbourne after it was awarded its television licence, but devoted some of the best years of his life to brokering the direction of Angus & Robertson's and on one famous occasion actually used physical force as an attempt to take possession of Sydney's Argus Press. He was second floorboard in the Freehold Stakes.

As well as GTV, he is chairman of TCN Sydney, has a strong share in the new Newcastle channel and smaller interests in Macdonald's channels. The Premier-General recently gave him a sharp-link link between his Melbourne and Sydney channels at an disclosed, but presumably generous, sum.

The source of his wealth is "The Australian Women's Weekly", his erstwhile partner in "The Initiator", the great disappointments in his life are the now defunct *Argus* (Financial Times) and the ill-fated *United Sydney Telegraph* (as is conveyed thus even the Lake take it with a grain of salt but he has his knighthood for all of that).

SIR JOHN WILLIAMS, knighted for his services, is the Managing-Director of the *United Sydney Herald* and *Weekly Times* group. His paternal newspaper interests are: The Melbourne "Herald", the Melbourne "Sun

News (Paternal), the Adelaide "Advertiser" and Brisbane "Courier Mail".

The Herald and Weekly Times owns 83 per cent of the shares in RPTV Pty Ltd, of Melbourne. Through its interest in Queensland Press it owns approximately 14 per cent of the shares in RPTV Brisbane and, through its interest in Newspapers, approximately 13 per cent of the shares in ADS Adelaide.

Sir John's group has been described as the greatest purveyor of news in this country, but it is fairly well known about what news it sets to print. For example, RPTV recently (December 14, 1964) announced that in its coverage of the motorist report on the Reid Murray collapse, this group omitted any mention of the part played in the disaster by the *Exeter Transport* Executive and Agency Company, one of whose directors is Mr G. A. Davis, chairman of Herald and Weekly Times Ltd.

MR RUFERT MURDOCH is the undisputed king of the yellow Press. His newspaper interests are: Sydney's *Mirror* Newspapers Ltd (including a string of metropolitan weeklies), the Adelaide "News", Brisbane "Truth", Melbourne "Truth" and "TV News". He controls one television licence in Adelaide and one to a lesser extent in Melbourne.

Rape is the white hope of fascists, independent journalists in Australia and remains untroubled for his endeavours in this field, unlike his father, Sir Keith. However, he has recently been engaged in a discredited race-riding with Sir Frank Packer, whose news-values are notoriously antiquated.

This month the Prime Minister, with that over-riding honesty so characteristic of him, produced that the Liberal-CP coalition would win the next five Federal elections. But even Sir Robert has to admit that, even if it takes twenty-five years, one day the Labour Party must come to power. A Labour Party recently committed to satisfaction of Press and communication activities, threatened by electoral failure, and ready to blame the Press for its protracted inaction.

What will happen to Sir Reginald, Sir Frank and their comrades then?

Nothing, for that time they will have things to say up to that one will even know that the Libs have split the Treasury benches.



THE  
UPPER  
CLASS



THE  
MIDDLE  
CLASS



the  
lower  
class  
↓

And they're all made out of Ti

**SPORTS** ambitions

Church  
The Peter Pan Ball  
Adultery  
Tax Evasion  
Shop-lifting

To Make Love to Albert  
Schwitzer  
To Learn Indonesian  
To become a Window-  
driever  
Entertain the Beatles "at  
home"

people th  
hate



Beatniks  
State-schoolboys  
Indigenous Australs  
Greengrocers  
Friendly Electrobo

Stamp Collecting — from  
Ampol Garages  
Turning Grass into Lawn  
Writing Letters to the  
Herald  
Beatlemania  
Consulting



To throw a boomerang  
To Pick a Box  
To Ban the Bomb  
To enter the Herald Garden  
contest

Atheists  
Eunuchs  
Russians  
Picasso  
Intellectuals



Poofter-bashing  
Keymanns  
V.D.  
Two-up  
Drowning  
Mosing to the Mirror  
Christianity

To Open an Account at  
Df's  
Coltus Interruptus  
To Own a Set of the Great  
Books of the Western  
World  
To Make the Social Pages  
To Meet a Disc-Jockey



Upper-class  
Middle-class  
Abo's  
Cops  
Artists  
Gordon Chater



# icky-tacky . . .

ney

## CAUSES

*White Australia Policy*

*Smoking does cause Cancer  
but we don't care*

*Export Action*

*Legalised Abortion*

*Sir Robert*

*"Hush Puppies"*

*Test Cricket*

*Pure fruit juices*

*"The Group"*

*Standing for the National  
Anthem*

*Eating an Extra Egg a Day*  
*Colour TV*

*That "Omo" really does  
wash whiter*

*"Pimplex"*

*Surfers Paradise*

*The Hasty Tasty*

*Santa Claus*

*That Sir Francis Bacon  
really wrote the plays at-  
tributed to Shakespeare*



This is a beetle. It is defined by Webster's Dictionary as: 'a heavy hammering or ramming instrument, usually with a wooden head, used for driving wedges, ramming pavements, etc.'

These are four effeminate pop-singers from Liverpool who are quite nice guys with average talent.

This is Brian Epstein. A slick entrepreneur. He decided to manage the boys and call them the Beatles.

These are a few English teenagers. They dig the Mersey sound.

This is a hack journalist. He was rung-up by Mr. Epstein and told how the kids were going crazy over the Beatles. He writes lots of lovely stories.

Here are some English teenagers who read the stories and fall in love with the Beatles.

This is a Sydney disc-jockey who is bored stiff. He reads about the Beatles in a London magazine. He loves their records and can't wait to spin plenty.

These are the dreary magazines that thrive on reprinting syndicated photos and phony articles about the mythical fifth Beatle and the girl Beatle.

This is a department store with a special 'Beatle-shop'. Isn't they spell it Beatle cause they're too stingy to pay copyright. They sell Beatle wigs, Beatle jewellery, Beatle suits and Beatle briefs.

These are a lot more disc-jockeys, crap R.R. men and unimaginative advertising executives who cash in and tell us the world has gone Beatle mad.

These are some publicity hungry teenagers who queue up 48 hours early to buy tickets to the Beatle concert.

These are the newspaper headlines reporting the riot.

**These are the rows of concert seats that still haven't been booked three weeks later.**

# NOW ON SHOW PRIMAVERA

Water Collection  
BY CHRIS JACOVIPES



JUST above the  
BUTCHERS opposite  
WOOLWORTHS

1. Dame Margot Fonteyn.
2. Margaret Fonteyn.
3. Anna von Borchers.
4. Kate Galbraith.
5. Gillian Sheppe (nee Garland).
6. Lady Lloyd Jones.
7. Shona Delgany.
8. Tim Dool.
9. Mrs. John Lough.
10. Gille and Nelson Brinkhuis.
11. Mrs. Peter Brinkley (nee The Bookish).
12. Bill and Glenn Miles.
13. Doug and Molly Lamb.
14. Joe David.
15. Peter and Jan Hudson.
16. Annabelle Brown.
17. Larry Henderson.
18. Alan and Sylvia Bennett.
19. Denis O'Neil.
20. Nola Delgany (Moore thought from a friend).

social  
top

20

For sheer nerve, you've got to hand it to Anna and Sylvia Bennett. Either they don't care their friends very much, or they have so many they can afford to shun a few like the "trial" of their dinner party was not a flaming bombastic or a mere old party, but—God help these poor guests—indeed in so and not quarantined by a top. We feel that SA "very" way and knowledgeably "conscientious" can have to remove the stressful burden. In any case, we were so staggered by such a bourgeois form of Americanism, seeing our so-called appreciation we couldn't resist giving the Bennetts a golden on the chair.

Talking of bourgeois entertainers, we are getting heavily out and read at Dottie O'Neil's busy dress parties at her Darling Point boudoir. Dottie seems to be copper busy in mind of one young social star with original act—in the instance we simply have to include Dottie. This time it was a "Wild West Party" (SH 28/3). What fascinated us were the guests coming on from the opening of Henry V. Did they wear their Wild West costumes in the show or did they slip on their business over the boudoir brocade afterwards?

We predict that Shona Delgany is a young star that we are going to see a lot more of. She has been more or less pulled into the limelight by her husband's parties—and the silver mask made they gave her for her 21st birthday (SM 19/4). As Shona Hale remarked, she could not have been it to the party at her Mother's home. This means that she'll have to go to jobs of both, she, so some old civil money won't have been wasted. Shona and her far will become a well-known twosome on the Sydney social scene this winter, unless we see mistakes.

Social Top (twenty five) will find a couple of notices when they leave that the second of the famous Garland sisters, Gillian, has been married. (Henry and Gillian were one of the most popular music performing on the social stage.) Still, it was good to see that twenty, playing matron-of-honor, was on the show, which was quite a change. There were the usual pre-wedding potboiler three-star parties, lunches, showers and party tea (SH 3/4/1964) leading up to the Big Performance. The First Act took place in well-known St. Mark's Fair Park at Darling Point, the second in the equally well-known Penfold Café, and for the Third and Final Act the couple moved on to Lord Howe Island (first coverage SH 12/4). Probably

the most popular of the supporting cast was Thelma Wilson, singing ballads, who flew home from Australia to be archduchess (SH 6/4) which just shows that Nancy wasn't the only one born to fly.

At first we thought Lady Lloyd Jones was merely trying to one-up Dottie's pamper-bungy Patricia des Arts in aiming to outdo both Patrick White and Nancy Wilson for a while (SH 28/3/64) (though we nevertheless admire such stunts in a woman of her years). Perhaps old socialists are like old soldiers? But it seems her clarity in opening "Noble Moments" to her William Wilson springs from inner sentiments that a choice lot prestige. This fascinating troupe has given a number of performances lately, and near for W's cop remark, "I could steal your hat" (ST 18/4/64), nothing would surprise us. Of course the best thing about this romance is that Lady L.J. wouldn't need to surrender her present life—indeed a considerable deal one held her back on previous occasions.

Apparently undisturbed by her recent romantic reversals, Anne von Borchers is one performer who refuses to let her private life interfere with her social career. After taking things quietly for a while, Dottie's own Dottie Delgany has come back onto the local scene in a big way. (The Telegraph, 19/4/64) spotted her, without directly on board the Sydney social scene in a scene whose top (according to one reporter's description) was accepted in the boudoir before she made her home. She was in the house, but it is hardly one cap of aristocracy. And as a pay-bill publicity stunt once launched in the future with well-known social establishment Nicholas Kassar (nee Robinson), certainly discussing final plans for the dance (Mirror, 2/4/64). After this act, we think Anne is ready to appear at Clever's one film festival.

Though a newcomer to the Old social, Margaret Fonteyn has moved straight into No. 2 position on the Top Twenty. (Lara's sometimes makes about May's publicity—she's been climbing the social ladder in numbers. However, we must say at once that it's the quality of her manners and speechless rather than their quality that has put her where she is today. Every photo and press release is the same. She acts equally and initiative and we predict a very short run for May in a word—definitely not far national).

# slapstick senators

The liveliest, most unpredictable, all live variety show of the month was the Senate's debate on the Australian television industry. They were discussing the Select Committee's report on the Encouragement of Australian Production for Television. Here are some of the acts:

**Senator Drake-Brockman:** Why do we watch television? People watch television for different reasons. Perhaps no two of us watch it for the same reason.

**Senator Henry:** I like it. That's why I watch it.

**Senator Drake-Brockman:** That is a point. Perhaps some people watch television to be entertained and to relax. Other people might put some other reason first.

**Senator Maken:** I go to sleep.

**Senator Kennelly:** Only one per cent of the drama televised in Australia is of Australian origin. Most of the remainder originates in the U.S. of America. I have no quarrel about that, but nonetheless television is a medium which we should employ to establish our own tradition, and, as I heard somebody else say, to immortalise our own culture.

**Senator Kennelly:** By way of interjection, [Senator Hannon] told the Senate that one Australian drama had a very good rating. I was interested but I forgot its name.

**Senator Brown:** It was "Consider Your Verdict".

**Senator Kennelly:** Yes. I look at it sometimes.

**Senator Brown:** There was splendid acting in that.

**Senator Kennelly:** I will not comment on the acting.

**Senator Brown:** I think it extremely important there should be a woman on both these bodies (A.B.C. and the Broadcasting Control Board).

**Senator Gorton:** You would settle for a woman of experience, would you?

**Senator Brown:** Yes, a woman of experience.

**Senator Carr:** The members of the television stations that they are giving people what they want rather reminds me of a story of a man that was brought before the Old Bailey in London charged with having distributed pornographic literature. The basis of his defence was that he was giving the people what they wanted.

**Senator Wright:** I say at the outset that I think I was drifted on to the Committee having no artistic attainments or experience in matters pertaining to drama, neither as an artist nor an actor.

**Senator Carr:** "Bonanza" is a western that is supposed to have very high rating. Almost everybody in this chamber would have seen this programme. It depicts the only cattle ranch I have seen depicted without any cattle on it.

I think the young people of Australia would want to know why a cattle ranch did not carry any cattle.

Such films lead to brainwashing and give viewers an impression that such conditions would be found if they went to the United States.

**Senator Wright:** When I sit back in my armchair with my slippers on and watch a television programme, I like to see a bit of fun, but of the same time I am one of those fellows who did not have the opportunity to go to

Oxford and who did not have long to spend in educative channels which would give to many of us, particularly the men of adult years in the country, and their womenfolk, the delights of literature's acquaintance, history's stimulation and other educational pleasures.

I believe there is a great proportion of population whose thirst for knowledge would derive tremendous satisfaction, whose souls would be stimulated and whose life would be entertained if educational purposes were in the minds of those who are developing this new and terrifically exciting medium by which knowledge, entertainment and information can be conveyed.

**Senator Ormrod:** You could not sell it to advertisers.

**Senator Ormrod:** When I saw it I thought there would be a lot of mothers all over Australia who would be feeling a bit worried on Saturday night. If they saw this film, about what was happening to their sons at Kings Cross, it was suggested to me that in a seaboard town you must have this sort of thing, that when the sailors come in they have to be looked after. And you do hear that expression of view in most unexpected places.

**Senator Harcourt:** Would it not be just as logical for many of the mothers to be worrying about what was happening to their daughters?

**Senator Wright:** There is a tendency to jump off the wall and say "We want Australian drama". I, for my part, yielding to no one in my appreciation of the values that make the Australian character, want to see the European way of life, the British way of life and, perhaps, the Japanese way of life.

12:07, May

(*The censor and the pornographer are two sides of the same coin.* Mary McCarthy.)

Mr W. A. Chaffey, Deputy Leader of the N.S.W. Country Party, in mid-April was lured into the N.S.W. Art Gallery by what he described as "subversive reasons". After inspection, he emerged protesting that railways in the N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship were rude and obscene: "Even worse than some of the things sometimes served on the walls of public lavatories".

The next day, our watchdog Daily Mirror caught Mr Chaffey assuming a remote visit to the gallery and snapped a candid shot of him examining a nude—"It strikes you wonder whether the drawings were taken from real life or imagination," he mused.

Aware that the exhibition could not last forever, Mr Chaffey decided to preserve a sample on celluloid and send to some friends. —"—, to warn them what to be on guard against".

The recipient, Mr Wetford (Minister for Education), was predictably astounded: "I strongly advise him not to try to send copies of it through the post or deliver them to his electorate by hand. If he does so, he is likely to be arrested, and quite rightly handed off to Long Bay."

Mr Chaffey referred to the original made as "gross depravity transgressing as culture".

We know a "gross depravity" who is transgressing as a censor.

## Bits

"Most Australians are well off in regard to creative confusion . . . yet the absence of the expected desire for culture and for higher things, and their contentment with the mediocrity, make them perhaps the poorest risk people in the world to-day."

—Sir George Herbert Walker, the Australian-born explorer

God Save Our Precious Ming  
My more than had his flog  
God Save Our Ming  
Send him Victrolas  
With charts Gregarious  
To the Austrians  
God Save Our Ming

A stout balding man with a stubby black mustache stood there, wore a yellow National Socialist Party members in the house. This is a gathering of the German Movement," he said.

"You can tell that by our accents." As he spoke there was a stream of voices of "Gut Heil" from a room towards the back of the house.

—*Quoted "Sunday Telegraph," April 19.*

## and Pieces

### Dear No Evil

Speaking of a graduation of Arts students, the new professor of History at the University of Sydney departed from the tradition of uncontentious graduation speeches to say that counselling is far less than organization, but becomes a vital act of destruction if pursued or tolerated by an individual community.

### Professor May continued

The intent to censor is in direct proportion to quality of mind and in inverse proportion to wisdom and emotional maturity.

"Tark's acceptance of censorship by universities amounts to a deliberate abdication of the educational system."

The Premier of NSW, Mr. Belfrage, who holds an honorary doctorate degree at the university, was guest of honour at the ceremony. When asked to comment on Professor May's speech, Mr. Belfrage said: "Unfortunately, I was in a difficult position from which to hear and so cannot make any statement."

DISCUSSING the burning of Penny Hill in a recent editorial (20/2/64), the authoritative *Times Literary Supplement* set out to discover how much effort observers had to readers. The answer is revealed with enlightening.

"Then the Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office, on being asked if there was any relation between obscene publications and sex crimes or crimes of violence, *He* have often asked ourselves that question. I do not know the answer. We have asked the police and they do not know."

"The Chief Constable of Liverpool: *Well, it is awfully difficult to say how they affect people. I should think it is well worth any people to say that.*"

"Finally, the Director of Public Prosecutions: *I do not know, and I do not suppose anyone else knows, what tonight.*"

"It is a pretty weak position for those who administer the law on this subject to find themselves in, and the result is that all along the line, from the investigating policeman and the writer to the DPP's office right up to the final judgment in court, the authorities are trying to resist."

Many-wise per cent, the Director told the committee, of the material that we look at. *John on one side or the other with not having to go through any elaborate mental process.*

Mr. Rylance, occupying a similar look of elaborate mental process, would undoubtedly agree.

WANTED: The right kind of young that for active police work.

Sergeant Gowsley, secretary of the Victorian Police Association, led his bandhans this month with some remarkable observations on how to attract police recruits.

"I agree that the wearing of police is not really necessary in our service. But anything which will stimulate interest in a police career must be considered."

Although this may not appeal to our conservative and staid officers, I feel that to attract the right type of men between the ages of 19 and 25 in 1964, we must attach more glamour to a police career.

Points were openly on belt holsters are frowned upon in the Victorian police, but they are undoubtedly an attraction to the potential recruit who would derive considerable pride in being allowed to wear a gun.

\* ALBERT OZ SLOPPY JOES ARE COWING.

The Bulletin's not a radical magazine. It does occasionally become grossly incited about censorship (102 has reviewed sympathetic coverage), but a careful reader aware in its middle-aged pages an unimpeachable guru.

These Melbourne columns, for instance, was particularly enlightening when some cartooning on the "Group" model. His analysis seemed to be: "hell if you think the Group is bad let me show you some really sexy stuff (which he distastefully described)—[at] the top of the column." Then, with a display of visual savagery, at probably unimpeachable ignorance of "voyeurism."

In the April 21 "Bulletin" a columnist wrote on the Christine Keeler movie incidently presented in Brisbane like there was no censorship—why didn't we? He was startled by "a very fitting glimpse of her naked body complete with what appears to be a patch of pubic hair." Smaller still life pictures are considered obscene by Australian Courts. "He later continues, "we reach a ugly and unpleasant aesthetic head in every major issue" and notes the one exception.

Oh well, calling like a suspected patch of pubic hair to send our local liberals scurrying in and retreat.

The Queen Mary. Mrs. her heart did have an appendectomy. I suppose I mean, you couldn't blame her for controlling her nose to Adelaide under the circumstances. And her scheduled surgery in Malaysia. But we'll glad she was well enough to make a visit to New York, and to Jamaica and to Trinidad and to Barbados, and to Bermuda visited. Too bad Tony couldn't stand in for her at the Adelaide Festival, but we might be lucky enough to get him for Arson Day.

# dunciad book V

*Being a review of the current issues of the Sydney University literary journals, "Arno" (edited by Ron Blair) and "Hermes" (edited by Neil MacPherson and Donald Anderson). Plus a comment on OZ.*

LAURIE PAYNE

I walked the silent, darkened quad  
And felt the presence of a God:  
An awful voice within my head  
Cried, Weep, for literature is dead  
Nothing's left but incense  
Of good old days and reputations  
Oh, why are the Pros of yesterday  
Still musing in Arno (produced by Blair?)  
Who, safe in that hush of Valhalla Hall  
Squeals: No-one else can write at all!  
And scattering his pearls upon the ground  
He writes like dead and rigging Pound  
In his own miserable paroxysms  
That this his stunted age gone lax is

Too great, too proud, to sleep or plod  
John Cummings, died a literary God,  
Gone his mind, interred, his Agave,  
In Ron Blair's sight, keeps getting bigger  
And all the rest keep coming back  
Like a counterpoint literary goat attack  
Torn to Arno, see inside  
The pseud with that flowered and died,  
See all the scribbling corpses there  
That Ron once knew brought out to air  
Chris James' snap-crack wit reprieve  
In smoking packets leaps the wit  
Brilliant, topical, we're amazed  
(Though no-one understands a word)  
While Margo's disembodied voice,  
Becoming fainter all the time,  
Like Agamemnon's beacon flame  
That illuminated Hyacinth's shame  
Gilded — nay, posited — in Sitwellian verse,  
Keeps getting weaker, getting — no, that's impossible!  
Ah, signed the God, perhaps Blair's right  
And tunc his drunken our silent's light

See Hermes, Ida's G.P.O.,  
Has lost his wings and walks so slow —  
Nay crawls from great lane Neil MacPherson  
With sixty-three's humaniform version,  
And Donald Anderson drags behind  
Out-bad, out-bagged, out-dodged, out-lyrned,  
Both wide awake (the reader's bored)  
Like Echo and Aes, da bon accord.  
Let's ask the readers to write," sings Aes  
"Yes, man, yes!" says Echo, "That's you!"

"Then tell them we destroyed the snuck  
"And Pug" goes our ego, up, up, UP!"  
"We'll plague the backs, however heavy,  
"Wake up Geoff Chancer! But get a story  
"Since no-one reads beyond the name  
"The first two items will be the same.  
"The highest place for the lowest lot  
"Will make our Hermes unforgotten."

Fort Powell in his rotten eclogues  
Wishes he were a cocking-leg dog  
Perpetually dripping on the after tree  
So do we, Craig, so do we!  
Clint Gorman's bewildered, he doesn't know,  
But wants to affirm the status quo,  
Must have battleships, must have beans,  
Must have ancient ports it seems.  
And Geoffrey Lehmann's epic song  
Like parallel lines goes on and on,  
Convinced that talent and productivity  
Must mount up beyond infinity,  
And in his cosmopolitan verse  
(If you're Oriental) read reverse)  
Free from meaning, innocent of rhyme,  
A total stranger to metre or tone,  
He shows that verse must be unspecific  
To be an effective topical  
Is it terrible poetry or terrible prose?  
No-one — not even Geoffrey — knows.  
Said the God, Of only one thing I'm sure  
"Twice OZ that killed poor literature

OZ, the newest magazine,  
Almost satirical, almost obscene,  
Our own Australian Private Eye,  
Unconsciously sending itself sky-high  
OZ, Civil Liberty's errand knight  
Fest with the gaze, slow to fight,  
Roaring the Censor Dragon's death  
Sighs: "Gosh, sir" the very next breath  
Throws it a musket to quiet its roar  
And sets out to fight its shadow once more  
OZ the Wizard, best defined  
As magically foolish, dull, peribred  
OZ and buyer, madman and fit,  
Clutching his Guide to Sensational War  
"Cover" said the God: "Parasitoid fall"  
"Let's go and write CRAP on literary walls"



# MAXIMS



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*Handwritten*  
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Because people who read OZ are not aware who is there on the other hand of circulation figures are known and considerable. For a copy of the OZ please see the OZ office, 11111 Broadway, New York 10001. You will find the OZ office in the OZ office, 11111 Broadway, New York 10001.

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If you need to find your business, take an ad in OZ, 11111 Broadway, New York 10001. You will find the OZ office in the OZ office, 11111 Broadway, New York 10001.

Let them read about your business, take an ad in OZ, 11111 Broadway, New York 10001. You will find the OZ office in the OZ office, 11111 Broadway, New York 10001.

## THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Censorship, Ingmar Bergman, racial prejudice, the Voyager, Alfred Deller, Restoration Obscenity, the Stamp, University administration, Anthropology, Sydney Architecture, Lindley Evans and Frank Hutchins, Robert Helpmann, Shakespeare, Cyprus, the A & C, homosexuality, God and other forms of sex, are all sent up in

## THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Richard Walsh, Richard Neville, Warren Shop, Chester, Clive James, Andrew Fisher, Paul Thern and Vashit Fomer have written scripts for

## THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Michael Allison, Colin Anderson, Loch Blackett, Evelyn Cornelius, David Ferraro, Jack Gaden, Bobbie Gledhill, Germaine Geer, Carol Mayle, Michael Raffe are the actors in

## THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Devised by Vashit Fomer and Michael Day,

## THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE



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MAY 1-23

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